

THE TIMES DAILY SERIAL STORY.

Milady of the Mercenaries

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

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Synopsis of Chapters Already Published

James Curdie, newspaper man, and Daniel Hail, club man, find themselves prisoners on board a filibustering steamer bound for Anahuac, where General Lazard, a mysterious Mr. Arthur, and his henchmen expect to stir up a revolution against Barry Ney Malone, President of the republic. On board the same steamer are held as prisoners Captain Hendry, of the Miranda J., Mate Tompkins having saved the rebel ship from the captain; and Norah Malone, daughter of the widowed President of the republic, who is wounded in the fight that resulted in the imprisonment of the men in the harbor. While the mysterious Mr. Arthur is burning Hail, the reader learns that the "who" is a woman, she decides to abandon the party when it touches Gulf shores for arms, and proceed to Anahuac, her feminine instincts leading her to believe that she can do more there. Lazard and Curdie being sworn enemies, she decides to give Curdie a lesson in self-defense against the treacherous South American. When she does so, she tells Curdie that she is in love with him, and Curdie, of course, and Curdie demands an apology of Hail.

The fight is avoided and the Miranda J. takes on board a filibustering steamer, San Diego, "Captain" Tompkins, when the filibusters go ashore, as the engineers do not approve of Tompkins' mutinous course in taking charge of the ship.

Hail kills Tompkins to avenge an insult and Hail swims to the Anahuac gunboat, where he is hailed by Admiral Hendry.

The scene shifts and "Mr. Arthur" is discovered to be Lazard's crowd, when Malone has known in Paris. She gets an offer of the hand of a French gentleman, who has millions in gold stored in Paris, and almost decides to desert the steamer when Malone, at her home, learns from a courier General Lazard has opened war without Adele's orders. Lazard seems that Adele is Lazard's daughter, General de Luna, once of Madrid, for whom a reward is being offered for his capture. Meantime Curdie and Hendry are searching for Curdie when Malone to the magnitude of the revolution. Search then turns to learn where Norah had been held captive, and which also contained Lazard, Feller, and a Senator.

Millitiamen are mobilized and the revolution spreads all over the country. Curdie meets Adele in the palace, fails to recognize her, and later in the night receives a call from Mr. Arthur.

CHAPTER XXVI.

JIMMY sprang to his feet, wheeling to face the window. Another voice that he had heard spoke again, languidly: "And one fancied you a brave man, Senator Curdie."

The blind was swept to one side with a rattle, and to the silky rustle of skirts, the Senora de Casada entered the room.

Apparently she had followed him directly from the ball room, pausing only to throw over her shoulders a thin cloak of dark velvet, which she had to the shimmering, clinging, low-cut gown that she had worn at the public reception. The satin dancing slip she had thrown off her feet. Her face was flushed with excitement, and her gray eyes shone with an emotion which Curdie was at a loss to classify.

She stood smiling at his bewilderment for a moment, then slipped the fastening of her cloak, and throwing it carelessly upon the table as she sank easily into the chair he had just vacated.

"One would think I had frightened you, senator," she observed.

"I admit that you startled me, senator," he answered.

The words came slowly; he did not understand. He considered an instant, then passed quickly to her feet, and she stepped out upon the veranda. It was bare.

"May I ask why you did that, senator?" she inquired as he returned.

"I was deluded by your voice, senator. I thought I had heard another."

A silence followed, during which she scrutinized him from head to foot. He was embarrassed, conscious that he was pleased with the knowledge that the uniform of the Bullocks was one becoming to his figure.

"You were about to say, senator—"

He stopped her with a gesture.

"Pardon! I was about to say nothing at all."

"Indeed? You did not intend to inquire to what good fortune you owed this honor?"

"I did not, senator. I was waiting your explanation."

His confusion had worn off. It was not merely a faint, but a dangerous woman, the mistress of Malone. He perceived that she had come with a set purpose. To ascertain if he conceived that he had but to keep silence and she would declare herself.

"My explanation? One can scarcely tell how to take you, Senator Curdie; you are something of an original."

"The senator seems to know me well upon a short acquaintance."

"You think so?"

Curdie took a chair, determined upon the patient, expectant, and offered her his cigarette-case. She shook her head.

"Thank you, I do not care to smoke."

"With your permission, then?"

"Certainly, senator."

As he puffed, she threw him a quick, puzzling, searching look. He bore it imperturbably. With a grace that had something of the feline, she placed her hands upon the table, extending her fingers and playing with her rings. When she spoke it was without raising her eyes.

"It is rather hard, Senator Curdie, for me to tell you why I am here—"

"It should not be."

"But you help to make it so."

"I confess—but if I can be of assistance, senator, command me."

"It requires only that you should take me seriously."

"I?" he cried. "Take you seriously? Senora de Casada, let me assure you that I can not help doing so; I consider you the most dangerous woman in the republic."

"There it is! It is not that kind of consideration I wish."

He noted that she showed no resentment.

"Then I am dense, senator; it is I who must ask you to assist me."

"Oh!" she exclaimed intensely, with a desperate little gesture. "You do not, or will not, understand! And how am I to make you? I am but a woman—after all!"

"Yes," she said. "Senator Curdie, you are the friend of the president."

"I am, senator," he said, making a point. "Are you?"

"No," she confessed, keeping still her eyes from him. "Perhaps I am his enemy—indeed, I would have you be here, senator, that I am so! I do not deny it."

"Oh, that would hardly be necessary."

At this she winced, but held her temper admirably.

"I am a woman," she went on, as if musing, "and you, senator, are a man."

"Really?" Curdie pretended to stifle a yawn.

"But Malone is a weakling; he is putty, putty in my hands, poor fellow!"

"You pity him, then?"

"Yes."

"If you care enough for him to pity, senator, why do you not let him go?"

"That is what I came to see you about. Indeed, I am considering just such a step."

"Let me urge you not to delay, since you seek my advice; for to win against the present odds the man must be master of himself."

"It requires I but your consent, senator."

"What?"

"She nodded affirmatively.

"My consent?" he echoed, dazed.

"A consent dependent upon conditions, senator. I am in a position to

dictate conditions, I believe, at

"But if you would be so good as to give me some inkling of their nature."

"There are two. The first, that you give up all hope of his daughter—"

"That you—cease to love her!" She stumbled over the words as though they were distasteful to her.

"How did you know?"

"Senator, I have knowledge of many things."

"What will you—transfer your affections, senator?" Her tone was low and soft. She bent the fair head so that he might not see her face—or, it may be, that she might not see his own.

"To whom?"

"You cannot guess?" The head bent yet lower; then suddenly she raised it, boldly challenging him. "But why should I hesitate? The words came with a rush. "Why should I stick at a scruple because it would be—unmannerly?" She laughed bitterly. "Senator Curdie, it is myself whom you must love in the place of Norah!"

"Yes! And why not? Am I not good to look upon? Or have men lied to me? Tell me, am I stupid, senator? Am I ugly? Has the hand of time fallen heavily upon me that you should find me repulsive? I am no piling, convent-bred girl, Curdie. You are a man of the world, and I am fit mate for you, am I not? I am a woman of the world, knowing good and evil for what they are—and I love you!"

"More than I could love any other?"

"More than I could love any other," she repeated, waiting his answer. For a moment he sat stock still, in blank amazement. Then, realizing that this was too much for him, he was desperately in earnest, he rose and began to pace the floor with his hands in his pockets.

"He paused before her, making a comical little twist of his mouth.

"You love me, madam?" In the stress of the moment, he had dropped the Spanish, neither realizing it. "You love me? It's a trifle sudden; I have heard of love at first sight, but this—well, you must excuse me, for the space of two minutes."

"And now I throw myself shamelessly at your feet! Ah, do you think I love you less than mine is born of the passing moment? Have I not shown it to the very first?"

"From that first night," she pursued, "when you defied us in the cabin of the ship. I loved you then. But—but not as I love you now."

"A light began to dawn upon him; but yet he saw as in a glass, darkly.

"Dear, I love you," she pleaded.

"More than I could love any other?"

"Would you be living now? What man—more less, what woman—would have taken you as you gave me, and let you live on?"

"Then you were Arthur?" he commented slowly. "I begin to understand a great many things."

"She clutched at his hand and carried it to a cheek superheated and moist with her tears. He was as yet half stunned by the revelation, and looked down upon her with a curious, impassive incredulity.

"Jim!" Passion lent magic to her tone as she spoke. "The unspeakable was a marvelous caress; the soul of her love passed into the word. And it touched him. Answer me, Jim! Answer me! I know I can't come to you as—as you deserve, a pure woman; but oh, I love you, with the love that asks nothing, give all."

"The pure thought of his love for Norah had come to him as a breath of cold air in the heat of a furnace. He thought of the danger in which she lay through the machinations of this woman, and his face hardened. Watching him pitiously, she saw the change.

"You're not—he's not going to—say no! You dare not! Ah, Jim, answer me, dear! Tell me you love me. You must!"

"Suddenly she slipped from the chair and caught his knees in her arms, turning up to him her disordered face, tear-stained, fevered. "See, how I humiliate myself to you! See how I love you—judge me, and tell me!"

"Pitying her as a man must pity the woman who gives him all that she may—and that is her heart—he had stooped to raise her, striving to unclasp her hands. Mistaking his intention, she had strained up toward his lips, kissing him hard upon him; then reading no hope in his eyes, realizing that her labor had been in vain, that the cup for which she thirsted was not for her, she fell prone.

"Instinctively he backed away, watching her heaving shoulders as she lay there in all her dazing frenzy, sobbing out this final agony of impure, bedizened, miserable life.

"After a while—the time seemed long—he felt a wall behind him and braced himself against it, trembling. Some strong emotion shook him, partaking of the nature of rage, and he could not speak, for he feared to trust his tongue.

"The room seemed dancing in a haze of light, whirling dizzily about that fallen figure on the floor.

"Presently, as he watched, she calmed a bit, and began to rise, pushing her shoulders from the floor as if by the strength of her strained arms. She sat for a space, silently mopping her eyes with a shred of sodden lace that might once have posed as a handkerchief. The rouge and the powder came off; dark streaks lay beneath her eyes, where the cosmetic had washed; she dabbed feebly at a face which in some ten minutes had faded as many years.

"Finally, with a supreme effort, she gained her feet.

"So," she said harshly, gasping between the convulsions of the after-sob, "so, Mr. Curdie, you—you refuse me, eh? You let me wallow at your feet, do you, and have no pity for the degraded creature? The love I offered you was nothing, was it? Did I frighten you? Were you afraid that—that I should do you an injury?"

"She waited to let him reply, but he kept silence; the scene was wearing upon him.

"I am not good enough for you, I suppose? Speak up, man; I don't fear the sound of your voice."

"Believe me, madam," he said huskily, "I do appreciate the honor which you would do me, but—"

"But you do not think it an honor? Is that it?" she demanded.

"Curdie shrugged his shoulders helplessly.

"She steadied herself, leaning upon the table. In the effort which she put forth to compose herself, he could see the long muscles of her arms stand out like steel sinews as they worked beneath the sleek pink of her satin skin; and a swelling appeared on either side of her jawbone, giving to her face a look of square-set determination.

"You are a fool," she flamed viciously. "A poor fool—and I humbled myself to you! I defamed myself seeking to win the love of a weakling. Faugh!"

"Senator, I despise you!"

"Thank God," he cried gratefully.

"Oh, this is your fine gentleman—to seek to scorch with his wit the woman he has had upon her knees to him! You could not even spare me that!"

"It was characteristic of this woman that she accepted the finality of his decision, admitting defeat, harboring no further hope. But one thing now remained to her, and that was vengeance, ventral upon the unwitting author of her suffering.

(The Continuation of This Story Will Be Found in Tomorrow's Issues of The Times.)

Dangers of Carelessness.

Lion Tamer (to assistant)—You've left his cage open again! One of these days some one will come along and steal him!—London Opinion.

Miss Pansy Bloomer and Johnson Ward Of Philadelphia to Be Married in June

Date Is Arranged for Wedding at the Heap Residence.

Miss Pansy Bloomer, daughter of Mrs. S. Lawrence Heap, whose engagement to Johnson Ward, of Philadelphia, was announced last fall, will be married on Saturday, June 2. It will be a home wedding, attended by a few intimate friends besides the relatives.

Pay Inspector S. Lawrence Heap, U. S. N., and Mrs. Heap entertained informally at luncheon today at the Chevy Chase Club.

Miss Mary McCauley has invitations out for a dinner at the Chevy Chase Club, Saturday, May 13.

Mrs. Frank Noyes will entertain at a luncheon Wednesday at her residence on Vermont avenue.

Tea to Be Given At Young Women's Home.

Cards have been sent out by the auxiliary board of the Young Women's Christian Home for a tea on Tuesday, April 25, from 3 to 6 o'clock, at the home, 311 C street northwest, in celebration of its twenty-fifth anniversary.

Mrs. John M. Eddle and Mrs. Murray A. Cobb will preside at the tea table. Others assisting in receiving the guests and dispensing the hospitality of the afternoon will be Mrs. Fleming Newbold, Mrs. Richard Pairo, Mrs. James Watson, Mrs. Howard Nyman, Miss Cassels, Miss Edith McCammon, Miss Hayden, Miss Downing, Miss Helen Mulken, Miss Lily Finley, and Miss Ledyard.

The house is the old Kibbey place, which was presented to the organization twenty years ago, by Miss Elizabeth Kibbey.

Mrs. Ridgely to Give Informal Luncheon.

Mrs. William Barret Ridgely will entertain informally at luncheon Thursday in compliment to Mrs. Robert Treat Paine, of Boston, who is spending some time with her father, William F. Mattingly.

Mrs. George F. Schutt will be at home informally tomorrow afternoon at the National Hotel for the last time this season. She will have with her Mrs. James F. Stutesman.

Mrs. Van Rye, wife of Rear Admiral William K. Van Rye, U. S. N., has cards out for a bridge party Tuesday afternoon at her residence on Fifteenth street.

Mr. and Mrs. John R. McLean will entertain at dinner this evening at their residence on I street.

Episcopal Hospital Women Plan Annual Bazaar.

The board of lady managers of the Episcopal Eye, Ear and Throat Hospital are making final plans for the annual bazaar, which will be given for the benefit of the institution, on Wednesday and Thursday, May 3 and 4, at the Arlington Hotel.

Mrs. Charles E. Buck, president of the board, is in charge. She will be assisted by Mrs. William H. Fox, first vice president; Mrs. William H. Wilmer, Mrs. W. E. Fox, Mrs. William M. Dove, Mrs. Florence Wood, Mrs. Mary Armstrong Mason, Mrs. Mary Smoot, Mrs. J. W. Blake, Mrs. J. R. Johnson, Mrs. A. C. Edwards, Mrs. George H. McGraw, Mrs. Corbin Birch, Miss Julia Tompkins, Mrs. R. E. Grant, Mrs. A. D. Van de Veer, Mrs. William H. Trotter, Mrs. C. E. Buck, Mrs. George H. McGraw, Mrs. Thomas J. Jones and Mrs. C. B. Hopkin.

The Playhouse, 1514 N street, announces that on Friday and Sunday evening, April 28 and 30, at 9 o'clock, the war correspondent, James B. Archibald, will show his photographs taken during three campaigns, and give a short war talk for the benefit of the entertainment fund of the organization.

The military attaché of the German embassy, Major von Herwardt, will entertain a party at dinner this evening in his residence, on Sixteenth street.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sterling, the latter formerly Miss Ethel Robeson, will sail from New York for Europe, Tuesday on the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosser.

Plans are being completed for a dance at the Washington Country Club, Friday evening, April 28.

Mrs. Meyer Stern, of the Ashley, has as her guest her mother, Mrs. Levy, of Philadelphia.

HOUSEKEEPERS BENEFITED

SILVER POLISH A THING OF THE PAST

Silver polishes are no longer necessary for cleaning silverware. The latest invention that saves the housekeeper labor, inconvenience, and dirt is the Daylight Cloth. It cleans quickly by itself, and outlasts a dollar's worth of ordinary polish. It is a paste of fine silver in one ounce of water, and is guaranteed to be money refunded. Demonstration at 8 Kann, Sims & Co. For sale at Woodward & Lothrop, Palais Royal, Goldberger's, Barber & Ross, Dulin & Martin Co., Edward Stevens, or you will send it by mail prepaid, for 25c. Carry-Down Mfg. Co., Dept. 102, West 101st St. N. Y. Agents wanted.

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French Secretary and Mme. de la Rocca Hosts

The First Secretary of the French Embassy and Mme. Peretti de la Rocca, entertained at luncheon today at their residence in Columbia road.

Among those entertaining informally at luncheon today, at the Chevy Chase Club, were the Military Attaché of the French Embassy and Countess de Chambrun, and Brig. Gen. William W. Wotherspoon, U. S. A., and Mrs. Wotherspoon.

Miss Breed Ends Visit At Persian Legation

Miss Ruby C. Breed, who spent the winter with her brother-in-law and sister, the Charge d'Affaires of the Persian legation and Mme. Ali Kuli Khan, at the legation, has returned to her home in Boston.

The Charge d'Affaires and Mme. Ali Kuli Khan entertained a small party informally at breakfast this morning at the legation.

The Persian government has appointed Mme. Khan to represent Persia at the International Congress of Mothers, which meets in Washington from April 25 to May 2. This is the second time Mme. Khan has been a delegate to the Mothers' Congress.

Mr. and Mrs. James Marlon Johnston will entertain informally at dinner this evening at their residence on Twentieth street.

Miss Cromwell to Marry On May Fifteenth.

Monday, May 15, is the date set for the marriage of Miss Louise Cromwell and Walter Brooks, of Baltimore. The wedding will be performed in St. Thomas' Church at 4 o'clock.

Mrs. Carroll Rasin, of Baltimore, formerly Miss Katherine Dingerdorf, of Washington, will be Miss Cromwell's matron of honor, and Miss Frances Brooks, sister of Mr. Brooks, will be the maid of honor. The bridesmaids will be Miss Gladys Hinckley, Miss Catherine Britton, Miss Dorothy Williams, Miss Sophie Johnson, Miss Laura Merriam, Miss Margaret Corn Smith, and Miss Alice Vandergrift.

Bonsal Brooks will be best man for her brother. The list of ushers is not complete.

Miss Cromwell is spending the week end with Mr. Brooks' parents at the country place, "Brookfield," in the Green Springs Valley.

Dinner Dance Saturday At Chevy Chase Club

A dinner dance will be given at the Chevy Chase Club Saturday evening, April 29. The committee in charge is composed of Major William E. Horton, U. S. A., Jerome Bonaparte, Frederick Post, Lieut. Com. L. C. Palmer, U. S. N., Lieut. Byron A. Long, U. S. N., Capt. L. Mason Gulick, U. S. M. C., Capt. Graham L. Johnson, U. S. A., and William T. Elsbam.

The entire party will be seated at one large table at dinner. As the club will close the new building in the near future, this dinner dance will probably be one of the last specially organized functions to be held in the old building.

Dr. and Mrs. Charles H. Beach and their young son, Clarke Beach, have returned to Washington from Atlantic City, where they spent the Easter holidays.

Original Dish.

Made from cold roast beef or any roast meat, and bowl of gravy. Chop meat not too fine, add gravy and a little onion, if liked.

Potatoes, greased, a baking dish, put in a layer of potatoes and cover with the gravy mixture; then another layer of potatoes having gravy on top; sprinkle with a few crumbs and bake about forty minutes in a moderate oven.

The Helmet Turban

If you have not yet purchased your Spring Hat now is the time to take advantage of the

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ANSWERS TO QUERIES SENT BY READERS TO

The Times Question Box

Times Inquiry Department:

Will you please publish a recipe for cooking rice as it is cooked in the South? I have tried cooking it often, but it always turns pasty for me, never light and fluffy as I have seen it in the South. Very truly, Mrs. A. W. C.

Here is the Creole recipe for boiling rice, which is over 100 years old, and which, if carefully followed, is always successful:

Wash the rice in three waters, rubbing it dry with a clean cloth after the last washing. Have ready a deep saucepan of boiling water. Sprinkle the rice into it. The water should be deep enough to allow the grains to play about freely. Do not cover. After boiling it about twenty minutes, test several grains to see that all are tender at the heart. If not boil two or three minutes longer, about twenty-two minutes in all. Remove from the fire and throw into a colander. When drained thoroughly dry, put the rice into a saucepan and add a large lump of butter, say a tablespoonful to each cup of dry rice, and plenty of salt. Stand this on the back of the range, where it will get as much heat as possible without scorching. Do not cover it, and do not stir. Every now and again turn it lightly from the bottom with a fork, and scatter any lumps that may form.

In about forty minutes the rice will be dried so that every grain will stand by itself, but should it be too soft, it will take much longer to dry. Should it look pasty, hold it under the cold water faucet and let the cold water dash through it, then shake dry, put into the saucepan with the butter, and finish as above. The recipe is one that has been used in daily and successful use in Creole homes for many years. Visitors to the South carry away with them memories of rice cooked so that every grain is separated and covered with butter, something quite different from the pasty, soggy messes called boiled rice that are served at Northern tables.

Times Inquiry Department:

Please answer as soon as possible these questions: When going to be a teacher, do you have to teach the kindergarten first? What is the cost of going through the Washington High School? Also the Normal School?

Tell me all you can of Miss Helen Taft. Very truly, VIRGINIA.

The two courses are entirely separate. Those who have passed a regular teacher's course commence teaching in the first grade; those who have taken a special kindergarten course, remain kindergarten teachers. There is no fee either in the high or normal schools for residents of the District. There is, I believe, a small fee for students residing outside of the District of Columbia.

Miss Helen Taft is the only daughter of the President of the United States. She is said to be a studious girl, a graduate of Bryn Mawr College, and devoted to outdoor sports, especially tennis, horseback riding, and golf. She made her entrance into society early this present season. If you will read the daily papers you will see from time to time, many interesting little items regarding her.

Times Inquiry Department:

Will you be kind enough to tell me through the columns of your paper the names of free homes in the District or suburbs for old men, and oblige. A SUBSCRIBER.

There are several sectarian homes, and among them a small admittance fee is charged. Those homes absolutely free are the Home for the Aged, H and Third streets northeast, under the care of the Little Sisters of the Poor, where men and women are admitted free without distinction of color or creed; the Aged and Infirm Home, Blue Plains, D. C., where men and women who are unable to take care of themselves and who have no other means of support are admitted through the Board of Charities; and the Soldiers' Home, for applicants who have been soldiers in the regular army.

Times Inquiry Department:

How can I clean a white ostrich plume, not a willow plume? I wish to pack them away for the summer, and do not want them stored away soiled. The cleaner charges a good bit to clean them, but I would not object to that, only I might like next to have them dried. Is there some harmless process which might prove simple to them? Thanking you in advance, JULIA.

While I should not myself cleanse white ostrich feathers in water, I have heard that many people have been successful in using this recipe: Dissolve four ounces of white soap in two quarts of boiling water, put into a basin and beat it into a strong lather, and while it is still warm place the feather into the liquid, holding it by the left hand, and squeezing it with the right hand,

Times Inquiry Department:

Will you please tell me if there is any premium on a \$5 gold piece of 1855, a \$1 gold piece of 1855, and a \$1 gold piece of 1857? Very truly, H. D. G.

There is no premium listed on your \$5 gold piece. All gold dollars are at a premium, and worth from \$1.25 to \$2 each. Those dated 1855, 1864, 1865, 1866, and 1867 are worth from \$2.50 to \$5. Those dated 1875 are worth \$12.